

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 5.—VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

NO. 459.

## THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued.)

CONFINEMENT, and incessant persecution, harassed my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributing to increase my own melancholy reflections, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tenderness, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

### CHAP. V.

Her husband, valiant, young  
And looks as he were told in Nature's bait  
To catch weak women's eyes.

BYRON.

ONE day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parterre, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the Castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this?" cried Lady Barome, shrinking with dread: "I fear it bodes no good. 'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parterre, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously; Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a swoon, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favorite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:—

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?—Impossible!—Surely, were he to behold the suffering Lady, he would be melted into compassion. Ah! would I could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monotony?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and, sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone continued:—

"In Valtimond De Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and a Sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would

have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying:—

"For your supposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.—I am but a domestic in this family; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my lady."

With a reserved courtesy she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond agonized at the beauty of her person and the dignity of her mien. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the Castle in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady Barome, whose stay (withall the palliation given when related to him) greatly interested his feelings; and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

"Who knows," said that Lady to her, "but Heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man!—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda; "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble in the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition. "Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our favorable opinion of him."

Matilda sighed; her eyes pursued the horsemen, and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and, shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda, in vain, strove to sleep; a thousand ideas, painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite abashment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown:—

"Why lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you!"

"Oh, Sir!" cried Matilda, "do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me."

"Then conduct me to that Lady," said Valtimond: "let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favor. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind."

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner it would be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said:—

"Pardon, Sir, my irresolution: if it gives of-

fence, I shall be concerned; but our situation is peculiarly delicate. However, placing the fullest confidence in your honor, I comply with your request:—follow me."

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and, impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.—She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but, soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.—"Alas! Madam," cried he, "how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus intruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain with which you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me."

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance; that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship; he it prest to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury. They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.

Valtimond waited upon them the next day and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant; as also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur De Warrenne.—He heard her with unconcealed emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness upon his face, she said:—"I believe your protestations sincere;—prove my conjecture;—just liberate us from this confinement;—you have the power."

Valtimond started; he turned pale; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate:—"Fatal request!"—then striking his forehead, he continued:—"Idiot that I was!—Could I not have foreseen this!"

He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps; then, re-seating himself, and turning to Lady Barome:—

"Severe, indeed, Madam," said he, "have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand proceeds from personal apprehension—far from it: I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine.—Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction,—not to attempt a recovery of your rights until the public affairs are more tranquil. Judge, then, should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed Majesty!—What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a

strut—Ah! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort: you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation."

While speaking, he turned his eyes fall upon Matilda with melancholy languor. Her's were suffused with tears, and she seemed to wait, in painful anxiety, the answer. Lady Barome seemed much affected by his pleading, and, after a pause, said—

"Selfish as I must appear, I must yet persist in my request, confident that alone can secure my peace: I must beg to conceal from you my plans for our future destination."

(To be Continued.)

## THE MILLER.

### AN ANECDOTE.

A person remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's hunt, excited his Lordship to enquire, who he was? when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his Lordship, he desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however, rode as usual; when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders: on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent. Still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstances brought the parties in conversation, his Lordship mentioned, that he was informed he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. "Yes please your Lordship, pretty handsomely." "Well, and can you afford to pay so much?" "O yes, my Lord; it makes no odds to me; it is your tenants pay for it." "How so?" "Why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them; and when he doubled it, I did the same." "Oh, if that's the case," answered his Lordship, "pray take the mill at the old rent."

## PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTE.

A poor man asked alms. "How much do you want?" said the person whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. "How shall I dare to fix the sum?" answered the needy person; "Give me what you please, Sir; I shall be contented and thankful." "Not so," replied the Physiognomist; "as God lives, I will give you what you want, be it little or much." "Then sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings." "Here they are. Had you asked a hundred guineas, you should have had them."

## ON GIVING ADVICE.

ADVICE is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good. It is seldom well received, because it supplies a superiority of judgment in the giver, and it is seldom intended for any other end than to shew it: it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as seldom to the receiver, because if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

## WILLIAM AND EMMA.

*In yon neat little village, beyond that grey hill,  
Where the spire of the church you may see;  
Where o'er its clear bed the meandering rill  
Flows babbling along by the side of yon mill,  
Dwelt Emma, gay, lovely, and free.*

*The throne of bright virtue was Emma's fair breast,  
And her face was the print of her mind;  
And by all who e'er knew her, ador'd and caress'd,  
Young Emma beyond other maidens was blest,  
Nor a wish could'd could she find.*

*Mongst the swains of the village, full many there  
Were  
Who strove Emma's love to obtain;  
But the sigh or the glance, the caress and pray'r,  
Though enforc'd with emotions of grief and despair,  
Were address'd to fair Emma in vain.*

*Still happy and free, Emma thought not of love,  
Till young William appear'd on the plain:  
The thought of him still would invade in the grove,  
While she wonder'd to hear the soft moan of the dove,  
And she tried to repress it in vain.*

*Her charms were not lost upon William's young mind,  
He saw, he ador'd, and he lov'd;  
And he sighing, exclaim'd, "Would but Emma  
Were kind!"*

*"But such bliss were no mortal in destiny'd to find,  
For then earth would be heaven improv'd!"*

*Young William succeeded; he won Emma's heart,  
And next day was to give him her hand;  
But to mortals 'tis little Heaven's deign to impart;  
For already had Death dipt in poison his dart,  
And to speed it Fate gave the command.*

*Returning at eve through yon deep shady dale,  
Where the trees form an arch all around,  
As slowly he walk'd, the fresh breeze to inhale,  
From the thicket a pistol was fir'd, and all pale,  
Faint, and bleeding, he fell to the ground,*

*"Ah, Emma!", sigh'd William, as bleeding he lay,  
"Shall I ever behold thee again?  
"Then farewell for ever—Yet what do I say?  
"Not for ever, dear Emma!"—Then fainting away,  
Groan'd, and died, sighing, "Emma!" in*

*'Twas young Bertrand whose aim was thus fatally true,*

*Who had strove Emma's love to obtain;  
Who had seen with fell rage her gay marriage in view,  
And had solemnly sworn thus to crown them with glee,  
And make all her hop'd happiness vain.*

*Not long liv'd fair Emma; and where William lay,  
And his blood yet stains the green sward,  
Her ghost, clad in white, still walks nightly, they say,  
And thrice shrieking madly, for vengeance does pray  
Upon Bertrand, who murder'd her tard.*

## ANACREONTIC.

*PRESS the grape and let it pour  
Around the board its purple shower;  
And while the drops my goblet steep,  
I'll think—in woe the clusters weep.*

*Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!  
Heav'n grant no tears but such as thine,  
Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow  
I'll taste thee "luxury of woe."*

## 'OBSERVATION.

INTEREST speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of the disinterested person.

## RURAL FELICITY.

### A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

SUCH scenes as I am going to relate, are little understood in the capital; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction or romance; and that the raptures of innocent and praiseworthy love, were never to be found but in the groves of Arcadia. But the following simple narrative may serve to prove, that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Robert is the son of a wealthy farmer in Hertfordshire. When he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land, with a cottage. Here he resided for some time, completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

Robert had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelvemonth, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companion, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not unsuspicious of the tender passion.—The moment he saw the lovely Fanny, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with: his heart throbb'd with those emotions to which it had before been a stranger. He viewed her with rapture, which was succeeded by grief at her departure; and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the ascendancy Fanny had gained over him.

On her part, she was not insensible of the language of Robert's eyes; the only language that had as yet expressed his flame; and they had proved so eloquent, that she found them irresistible advocates in his favor. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast; but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Robert's sincerity.

An opportunity offered, one evening, when they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds; and Robert, with a sigh, address'd Fanny, saying, "How happy were his flocks to him!" This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his heart, which were accompanied with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer discredit them; and she yielded to the impulse of her beating heart, to own her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this discovery, Robert now pressed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Fanny at first evaded making a reply to his entreaty; but, at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with Robert's, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentleman of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin money, and the like. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, when no turtle or venison smok'd upon their table; nor was the Burgundian vintage called in to quench their thirst. Their homely ale was all that graced their side-board; and their viands, though good and wholesome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. Sure then this state may be justly pronounced rural felicity without alloy.

A stranger said to a Physiognomist "How many dollars is my face worth?" "It is hard to determine," replied the latter. "It is worth fifteen hundred," continued the questioner; "for so many has a person lent me upon it to whom I was a total stranger."

## A RURAL DAY.

LOST to town, and all its treasures,  
Back to rural scenes I fly;

Take the sweets of rustic pleasures;  
Who so happy then as I?

Flow'd I saunter through the vale,  
Or, reclin'd some bank along,

Catch the fragrance of the gale,  
Last notes to the river's song.

Or through new crop'd meadows stray,  
Calling pleasure from some brook,

As I stretch on half-torn'd hay,  
Close beside the dripping brook.

Thus the day unconscious passes,  
Free from care, and void of guile,

As we prattle with the lasses,  
As they're seated on the stile.

Else alone some height ascending,  
All around me, hush'd and still,

View the orb of light descending,  
Fringe with gold the neighboring hill.

Now the vivid glow is flaring,  
Into softer, purpler hue,

This do we sit alone in painting;  
All beside a daisy blue.

See where here and there just peeping;  
Stars afford their timid light;

Tired Nature slumbers, sleeping,  
Hails the soft approach of night.

## CRUELTY OF SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON.

A rebellion happening in the reign of Edward VI. upon the alteration of religion, and the rebels being defeated, what shameful sport did Sir William Kingston make with men in misery, by virtue of his office of Provost Marshall! one Boryer, Mayor of Bodwin in Cornwall, had been among the rebels not willingly, but by constraint. Sir William sent him word he would dine with him such a day, for whom the Mayor made a hospitable entertainment. A little before dinner, the Provost took the Mayor aside, and whispered in his ear, "that there must be an execution that afternoon;" and therefore ordered him to cause a gallows to be set up over against his own door. "The Mayor obeyed his command; and, after dinner, the Provost took the Mayor by the hand, and desired him to lead him to the place of execution; which, when he beheld, he asked the Mayor, "If he thought it was strong enough." "Yes," says the Mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well then," said Sir William, "get up and try, for it is provided for you." "I hope, Sir," said the Mayor, "you are not in earnest?" "By my oath," says the Provost, "there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel;" and so, without delay or liberty to make his defence, the poor Mayor was executed. Near that place also lived a miller, who had been very active in the rebellion, who, fearing the Provost's coming, told a stout young fellow, his servant, that he had occasion to go from home, and therefore wiled him, if any gentleman should come a fishing in his absence, and enquire for him, "He should tell them himself was the miller, and ready to serve them." The Provost not long after came, and, asking for the miller, out came the servant, saying, "Sir, I am the miller;" upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, "and hang him upon the next tree." The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, "I am not the miller, but the miller's servant." "Nay friend," says the Provost, "I will take thee at thy word. If thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and a rebel, and deservest to be hanged. If thou art not the miller, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master better service than to hang for him!" and so without more ado he was executed.

## NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1805.

Forty-nine Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 19th inst.

The new brig, Jane, capt. Fowler, bound to St. Croix, in beating out of the East-River on Tuesday last, mis-stated, and went ashore on the north side of Governor's Island. It is supposed she will be got off without damage.

Mr. Mc Intyre's three boys, who were so imprudent as to venture upon the ice, one day last week, in the north river, we are credibly informed, were all found frozen to death on Sunday last, near Blackwell's Island. The tide carried them out some distance below the battery, and when it turned drifted them up the east river.—Thus, by an ill-judged temerity, they have dug for themselves an early grave, and plunged in immeasurable distress their families and friends.

The English schr. Chance, Pernie, from Halifax for this port, went ashore on Sunday night the 27th inst. on the Great Rock, off Rye, about 30 miles up the East River; on the 28th she bilged, which compelled them to cut away both masts and to throw every thing off the deck, to endeavor to save the vessel and cargo. It is expected notwithstanding, that both vessel and cargo will be saved.

A few days previous to the Aurora's sailing, from Nante, an embargo was laid on Swedish vessels in all the French ports. The Coronation of Bonaparte was to take place on the 3d December. The old story of Invasion, it is said was still going on.

The Traveller of the 2d Nov. gives an official account of the capture of the Spanish frigate La Madre de Todos los Santos, from Vera Cruz, by the British privateer Lord Melville, capt. Hutchings, on her first cruise, after an action of five hours.—The British had 12 killed and 22 wounded. The Spaniards had 40 killed, besides the 2d captain and 2 passengers, and 70 wounded.

On the 2d ult. at the house of Richard Phillips Innkeeper at the Little Falls, was killed by the hand of Rufus D. Stevens, of the town of Fairfield, a man by the name of Philip Henderson, a native of Ireland. The circumstances of this affair, as we have understood, were that the parties had quarrelled in the house, and that upon being parted, Stevens left the house, and was about getting his sleigh ready to go home, when Henderson followed him out and by some means getting hold of his whip, with the butt end of it gave him one or two severe blows over the head; upon this a scuffle ensued between the parties, in the event of which Henderson was stabbed to the heart, with the sharp end of a file or rasp, which the other held in his hand, and shortly afterwards expired. Stevens on the following evening was committed to goal in this village.

[Herkimer pap.]

## BURLINGTON (Ver.) January 4.

We learn by a gentleman from Willsborough, N. Y. that the dwelling house of Mr. Adams of that town was consumed by fire on Wednesday last, and that two small children, which were all he had, fell victims to the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were absent. Mrs. Adams returned before night and found her house with all its contents in ashes.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

AROUND the happy wedding bed,  
May Heaven every blessing shed;  
And far remove all pain and strife,  
And smooth the rugged road of life.

### MARRIED.

On Saturday evening the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Joseph Simon, to Miss Hetty Jours, daughter of Mr. William Jones.

At Flatbush (L. I.) on Thursday the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. Garret Cozackow, of New Utrecht, to Miss Annatje Ditmars, daughter of Mr. Johannes Ditmars.

Same day, at Flat-Lands, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. Garret Cozackow, to Miss Catharine Wyckoff, daughter of Mr. Peter Wyckoff, all of that place.

## MORTALITY.

THE sweet remembrance of the just,  
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.

### DIED.

On Tuesday the 22nd ult. universally regretted; Mrs. DAMIAN HARDENBROOK, in her 59th year, consort of Gerardus Hardenbrook. She was a pious christian, tender mother, affectionate sister and sincere friend.

At Jamaica, (L. I.) on the 29th ult. Mr. CHRIS. TOPHER SMITH; much respected and regretted.

Captain Nicholas Daff, formerly a respectable ship master, choked while eating.

## THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, the celebrated Tragedy of

Othello.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,  
Nina.

## Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

also, a large assortment of

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

## TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

THE LIFE OF  
TOM GARDNER,  
For Sale at this Office,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
THE BEST RHEUMATIC OINTMENT;

It has been applied and proves an effectual cure, giving relief in forty-eight hours.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE DEAD BEGGAR.

SWELLS then thy feeling heart, and streams  
thine eye

O'er the dejected being poor and old,  
Whom cold, reluctant, parish charity  
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn sufferer  
ends

Those evil days that promis'd woes to come,  
Here, where the friendless feel no want of  
friends,

Where e'en the houseless wanderer finds a home!

What though no kindred, crowd in sable forth  
And sigh, or seem to sigh around the bier;  
Though o'er his coffin, with the humid earth  
No children drop the unavailing tear:

Rather rejoice that here, his sorrows cease,  
Whom sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd,  
Where death, the leveler, restores to peace  
The wreath whilom knew not where to rest.

Ah! think that this poor outcast, spur'd by fate,  
Who a long race of pain and sorrow ran,  
Is in the grave, even as the rich and great,  
Death vindicates th' insulted rights of man.

Rejoice! that though severe his earthly doom,  
Thou' rude, and strewn with thorns, the path he  
trod,

Now where unfeeling fortune cannot come  
He rests upon the bosom of his God!

## ANECDOTE.

A few years ago when the river, Delaware was  
frozen, a number of booths were erected on the  
ice, near one of which an Irishman observed a  
person to fall in, run immediately to the proprie-  
tor of the booth and informed him he had just  
seen a man enter his cellar, and advised him to  
take care of his liquor

## FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,  
Opposite the New-City-Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that  
he has removed his store from No. 81 William-street,  
to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of  
Perfumery, Jewellery and fancy articles, viz. fine pomat-  
ions plain and scented powder, Perfumery of all sorts, a  
variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses,  
Indis wood, rubins, face and pearl powder, Antique oil  
scented pens, having passage perfume apparatus  
the celebrated chivalier Ruspini's Dentifrice, the Danish  
Mop salve, tortoise-shell, ivory, horn and lead combs,  
crisettes, pen-knives, and razor straps, dressing boxes,  
Artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queen's garters, smell-  
ing bottles, pinching and curling tongs, gold pencil and  
pencil cases, lacers and gentlemen's suspender straps,  
and all kinds of ornamental hair for ladies head dresses.  
The Jesamine and violet oil for thickening, preserving and  
restoring the hair, the cinnamon liquid that gives in a  
few minutes a jet black color to the hair, and a variety of  
other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a  
reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps at usual his Intelligence office, where one  
to be had service of every description and as such as  
circumstances will allow of Good Clerks.

Oct 27 1847

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## MORALIST.

### FAVOR.

THERE are some born without any share  
of sensibility, who receive favor after favor, and  
still cringe for more, who accept the offer of  
generosity with as little reluctance as the wages  
of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits  
an indirect petition for new. Such I grant, can  
suffer no debasement from dependence, since  
they were originally as vile as was possible to be.  
Dependence degrades the ingenious, but leaves  
the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this man-  
ner, therefore, long generosity is misplaced, or  
it is injurious, it either finds a man worthless, or  
it makes him so, and true it is, that the person  
who is contented to be often obliged, ought not  
to have been obliged at all.

## NEW NOVELS,

For Sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

### Horrors of Oakendale Abbey,

A Romance,

### Dorval,

Or, the Speculator,

### Three Spaniards,

A Romance,

By GEORGE WALKER.

### Gonsalvo,

The Spanish Knight.

### Amelia,

Or, the Influence of Virtue.

### Mysteries of Udolpho,

A Romance.

### Tale of the Times.

### Romance of the Forest.

### Don Raphael,

A Romance.

### Evelina,

Or, a young ladies entrance in the world.

### Italian,

Or, confessional of the Black Penitents.

### Father and Daughter,

By MAL. OPIE.

### What Has Been.

### Vicar of Lansdowne.

### Emeline,

Or, the Orphan of the Castle.

### The Beggar Boy.

## N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, 214 N. York-Hall,  
Powder and Perfumery Manufactory, 100 Golden-Bell,  
No. 214 Broadway, opposite the City-Hall.

SMITH'S improved chemical Milk of Roses is well  
known for clearing the skin from blemishes, imper-  
fections and sun-burns: has not its equal for preserving the  
skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen  
after shaving, with pointed directions, 6s. 6s. and 12s.  
per bottle, or 2 dials, per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Cologne, for thickening the hair, do-  
keeping it from coming out, or turning grey, 1 q. and 12  
per pot, with pointed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 12s. per lb. No. Vi-  
et, double scented, 12s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 12s. 6d.  
Smith's favorite Royal Paste, for washing the hair  
making it lustrous, delicate and fair, to be had only as a-  
bove, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to  
the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics  
immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of forest scented Waters and Essences, with  
every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining  
Liquid Blacking, Almond Powder for the Skin, 12s. 6d.  
Smith's Circassian Oil, for gliding and keeping the hair  
in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Soap, made on  
Chemical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Skin Powder, 3s. per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor  
Strop, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Ladies  
Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, supinees whilst  
March Smelling-glasses, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen  
will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh &  
free from adulteration, which is our rule with imported  
perfumery. \* \* \* Great allowance to those who buy by  
tall again.

January 1, 1805.

235, 4y.

## LIQUID BLACKING

TICE'S improved shining liquid blacking for boots and  
shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is so-  
cially allowed the best ever offered to the public, it ne-  
ver corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft,  
smooth and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Such  
moreover that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by  
the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and by  
exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery Room, No. 125  
William-street, and by G. Camp No. 253 Pearl-street,  
where all orders will be thankfully received, and immedi-  
ately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle  
will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they  
are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of  
Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 27.

## MILITARY SELLING OFF.

A Saunders informs his customers, and the public, that  
he is determined to quit the Military business, and has  
at present a handsome assortment of split straw. Hatted  
bonnets, imperial chip-dos, and many other articles in that  
line, all of which will be had at first cost, and many arti-  
cles for much less. He would recommend to those that  
are in want of any of the articles that he has to sell and not  
the prices before they purchase.

Has likewise on hand three cases of American  
split straw bonnets to sell on commission, well worth the  
attention of merchants that they wish them for shipping  
or for country merchants.

Jan. 22, 1846.

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No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.